

MARVEL
19th Jan 91

THE REAL

NO136 45p

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GH0STBUSTERS™

HELPEY-WELPEY,
PETER BLUDDY BLUDDY!
ME NOT LIKEY BIG
CREEPY MONSTER!!!



ISSN 0954-9404



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03

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The spooky spectre with the crab-like arms is breaking through from the spirit world, but it just can't seem to get through to **Slimer**. In the heart of New York, there is a demonic doorway to the other side and only The Real Ghostbusters can shut it for good in **Doorway to Doom!**

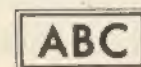
So what else is there in the *one hundred and thirty-sixth* spooky edition of the world's scariest comic? Well, those freaky phantoms, **The Frightful Four**, are back with a vengeance. **Wilbur The Mummy**, **Vigor The Vampire** and **Arnold the Werewolf** are trying to find the Ecto-containment Unit in order to rescue their colleague, **Frank**, in the weirdest Ghostbusters' story ever, **The Return Of The Frightful Four!**

Apart from that, there's all your other favourite features to scare you, amaze you and make the hair on the back of your head stand up. So, what are you waiting for?

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

THE RETURN OF THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR

MAN, OH MAN
-HOME SWEET
HOME!

THE SIGHT OF OUR PEACEFUL
DOMICILE RIDES ANY LINGERING
DEPRESSION FROM SUCH AN
ARDUOUS POST MERIDIAN
WORKLOAD.

I THOUGHT
I JUST SAID THAT,
EGON!?

IF I EVER SEE ANYTHING
WITH TOO MANY LEGS
AND BIG BUGGY EYES
AGAIN, IT'LL BE TOO
SOON!

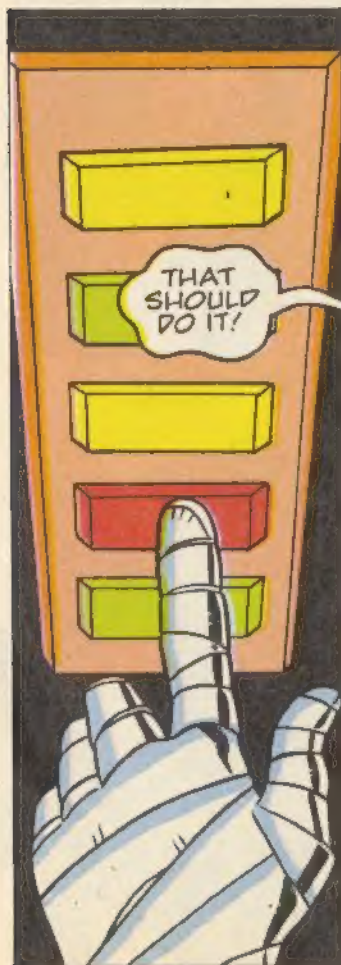
YOU SAID IT, PETER.
I JUST WANT TO
PUT MY FEET







* THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 11B.





SPENGLEER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Students in the field of the paranormal often complain that one of the most boring and time consuming parts of this study is gaining a thorough understanding of *Madricht's Ectoplasmic Tables*. This Guide will be devoted to the examination and evaluation of the classic Madrichtian system.

Let's start with the basics. The Madrichtian Tables measure ectoplasmic values in units known as killer-jewels, where one killer-jewel is equal to nine nanolomes differentially described where Q is hexadecimal and when it isn't a Tuesday (excepting of course Tuesday's when Numbly is played). Clearenough? Good.

Let's examine Madricht's sequential laws then, as noted by Vondahuck. The first law states that if all the possible layers of dimensions were the size of a grapefruit, there wouldn't be room for all the buses. The second law –

Shhhhhh!

Where are we, Ray?

I don't know. Hang on, I'll find a torch. It's dark in here. Any suggestions, Egon?

Sorry, Winston, I'm too confused for rational thought.

Ahh, now let's take a look around now I've got the torch on... hmmm. Look's like we're in some kind of yellowish place... Any sign of the Frightful Four?



PART 136

No, Peter. Hang about... what's this?

Looks like writing to me, Ray. What does that say...? 'Madrichtian tables' or something...

Did you say 'Madricht'? Let me see.

Look here, Egon. Writing – lots of it. Mean anything to you? Yes indeed, Ray. I was writing about the Madricht tables only today. This can only mean one thing – we're inside the Spirit Guide. Whoa! Bad craziness! We're not meant to be here.

Of course we aren't, Peter. That means we're about three pages away from the main story and running out of time fast. If we can't get back to page seven quickly, the story will end without us!

Let's move then, guys!

Right behind you, Winston!

– no more than half a dozen of the very biggest (unless the bi-receptor flang is misaligned). Now here's the really crucial part. Never ever assume that Madrichtian constants are regulated by the dimensional wavelength. Look for the blue one, or failing that, the one with the sharp, pointy teeth, and adjust your bearing to the pi tangent when as Tobin says, the ecto-flux is at it's gooiest. Then try a cross feed along the *n*th parallel and –

Szzzzkk!

Arnold!

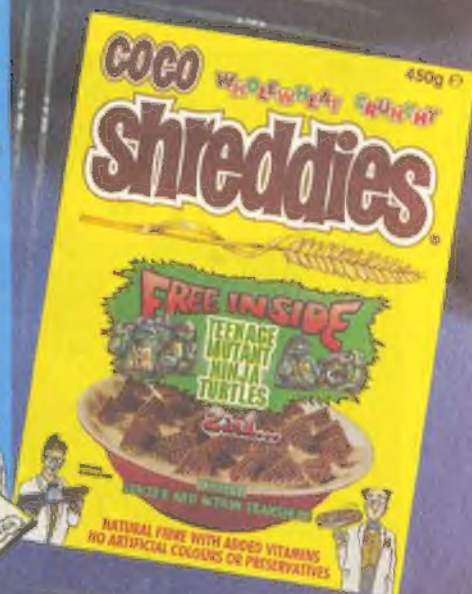
Yes, boss?

Arnold, you blithering excuse for a lycanthrope! This isn't the Ecto-containment room either! This is the Spirit Guide! We've missed the target by several pages! I thought you said your claws were accurate!

Well, at least we're in the right comic, boss.

Pah! I'm disgusted. Let's get out of here and do it right! Szzzzkk!

– over five times its own length, and very dangerous Unless of course you've been using the tables properly. Now have you got all that? It may be dull, but it's probably the most important thing I'm every going to tell you. See you next week.



**HEY
STICK WITH US
DUDES!!**

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DOORWAY TO DOOM!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

The Real Ghostbusters find themselves involved in a race against time – to save Slimer!

"It's really quite simple, Peter," said Egon, looking up from the Quantum Leap Fission Generator (broken, parts in the post). All around the two Ghostbusters lights seemed to dart from one instrument to another and strange colours played against the walls of Egon's lab. Peter stared at a particularly interesting world of blue and green for a minute, then jumped as his friend cleared his throat. "You see, we've clearly established something about Slimer." Here Egon pointed an electro-screwdriver at The Real Ghostbusters spirit ally, attached to several banks of electro-wotzits (fixed, powered up and ready to go who knows where).

"We've established that Slimer can sometimes be a doorway to other dimensions and other realities," continued Egon. He prodded Peter, who, Proton Gun and Pack at the ready, had been entranced by yet another spot of weird colours (purple, green, with a dash of lurid yellow for those who want to be horribly car sick).

"So what's that got to do with me, you, a Proton Gun and Pack?" asked Peter, now paying attention.

"Not just you," replied Egon, attaching a broken toaster and a hairdryer to the Quantum Leap Fission Generator, which promptly sprang into life. "I need Winston and Ray to be here for this particular experiment, too."

"Here, Egon!" Ray said excitedly as he burst into the lab with a worried looking Winston, both armed with Proton Guns. "We're ready for the experiment," said Winston. "Let's get on with it before I lose my nerve."

"What experiment?" Peter shouted. "Egon never mentioned an experiment. You said you just wanted to hang around with a Proton Gun in case it needed testing." Egon pushed his glasses back up his nose, gave a little sniff and stared hard

at Peter. "This is a very important study of sub-atomic interphases," he muttered sternly. "It may well need the presence of a few Proton Guns to keep it in control." "Tell it to the Marines, Egon," Peter replied, powering up his Gun. "I know this is one of your incredibly dangerous attempts to contact the spirit dimension. Spare me the science lesson." Egon shrugged and turned to Slimer. "OK, Slimer this isn't going to hurt a bit."

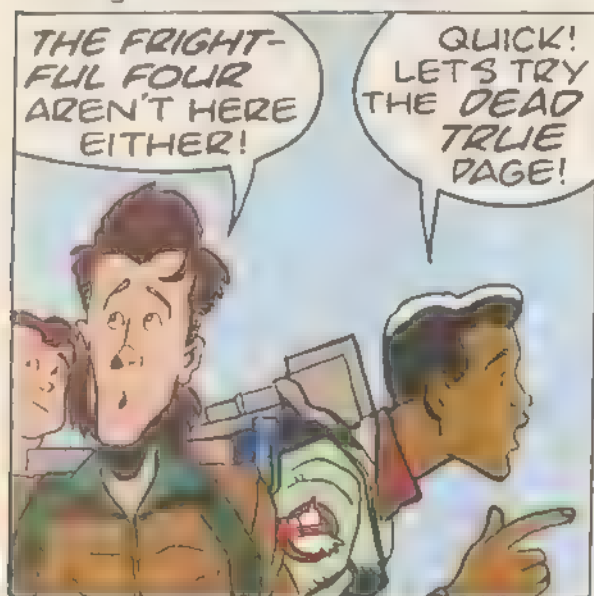
"Whybe youall wearing ProneeGunees then?" said Slimer, looking very worried for a green ghost more used to sliming people than participating in ground-breaking sub-atomic experiments. Egon looked a bit sheepish and turned to a huge range of instruments that promptly beeped obediently at him. "Well, anything can happen in the next half hour," he replied. "Peter's right, this is an attempt to make a direct study to the spirit world through your own PKE form, cross-matched with a neurological sub-scan interphase and DNA-post dated culture balance."

"Hey, I never said anything like that," said Peter, looking as confused as Winston and Ray as several odd-looking machines hummed into life. "I believe I just said what you were about to do was *incredibly dangerous*."

Egon threw a power switch and lights flashed across the lab. Ray felt the hair on the back of his neck rise and wondered just what he'd got himself into when he'd said he wouldn't go out for a pizza.

"Now, if we're lucky we should be able to observe the activities of the spirit world on this monitor," murmured Egon, pressing a few buttons on a personal tape recorder that seemed to be playing some strange music. "Hey, that's our television set!" squealed Ray as a TV burst into life with a dreadful howl. Slimer gave a giggle and pointed at it. "Comeeiceee half houree!" he gibbered. As the

Ghostbusters watched, several ghosts seemed to be practising a funeral march, complete with a ghostly looking coffin and even ghostlier hearse. "Will Slimer have to be hooked up to this thing forever," whispered Peter. "Of course not," replied Egon. "Once I've got a few readings, we'll be able to disconnect him from the scanners and observe the spirit world for danger signals – ghostly intrusions, psychic disturbances, that sort of thing – whenever we want to."



Peter looked disappointed. Ray looked worried. "Does that mean I won't be able to watch 'I Love Lucy' on the TV anymore?" he asked. "It was just getting interesting, too."

"Egon," whispered Winston, pointing at the screen. "What's that huge spidery thing running towards us?"

"Oh, I imagine that's some particularly receptive demon seeking a dimensional door to Earth," replied Egon, casually. "A door like this TV set. I thought that sort of thing might happen in the course of scientific research. That's why I wanted you here, to blast the living daylights out of the thing before it crossed over into the lab and broke something."

"Broke something?" gasped Peter.

"Oh yes," replied Egon, studying an overheating toaster and a spanner

labelled 'Do Not Throw'. "Us, for example."

Before Ray or Winston could react to this, a huge spidery claw burst through the TV set and grabbed Slimer, pulling the terrified ghost towards the dimension door towards the strange spirit world. "Change the channels!" shouted Ray. "Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea is on Channel 11!"

"Too late for the simple solutions," said Winston, firing his Proton Gun, "Get that thing, before Slimer is history!"

"Help me buddeewuddeees!" wailed Slimer as a hideous cackling sound broke though into the laboratory. Peter fired his Proton Gun too, but the spidery leg just seemed to grip Slimer even tighter and pull him into the TV set.

"I was afraid something like this might happen," said Egon, "The Spirit force, or demon, or whatever it is that has fifteen spider's legs and fifty-seven big, sharp, pointy teeth for a mouth is drawing power from its world to keep hold of Slimer."

"You mean, our Proton Guns will have no effect?" screamed Ray. "Egon, that's Slimer this thing is going to grab!"

"Science has its price," said Egon. "Winston, throw that spanner into the works."

"HEY!!" shouted the huge spider-thing from the TV set. **HAVEYOUGOTTAN ICE CREAM? I'M GASPING FOR AN ICE CREAM. I KNOW IT'S LATE BUT, OOOH, IS THAT EARTH? I HAVEN'T EATEN EARTH BEFORE, AND—**

At this point Winston threw the spanner through the TV screen, the toaster popped up with two very burnt pieces of toast, the television exploded and the spider thing vanished. Slimer squealed with relief and Peter looked very disappointed as he wiped his brow.

Egon picked up the toaster, shook it and frowned. "Give me three hours, fourteen minutes and twenty-three seconds," he muttered. "I'm sure I'll have everything working again by then!"

SPOOKY SKELETON

Some people are scared of the dark, Ray discovered that he was more than terrified of the light when he went to investigate a poltergeist single-handedly. Our busting buddies arrived on the scene too late. Ray had somehow been drawn into the light and kidnapped by some ghastly ghoul and it looked like Peter was about to follow him until he donned a pair of cool shades.

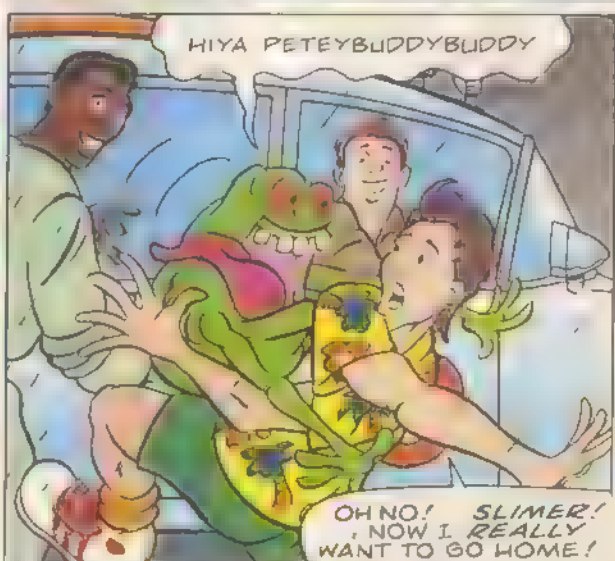
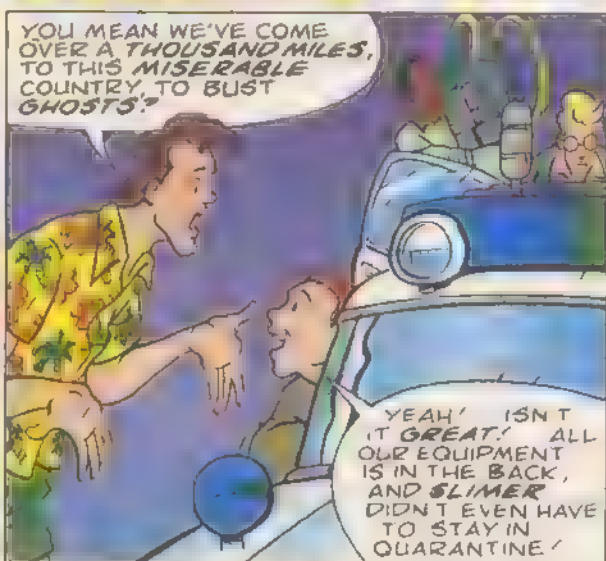
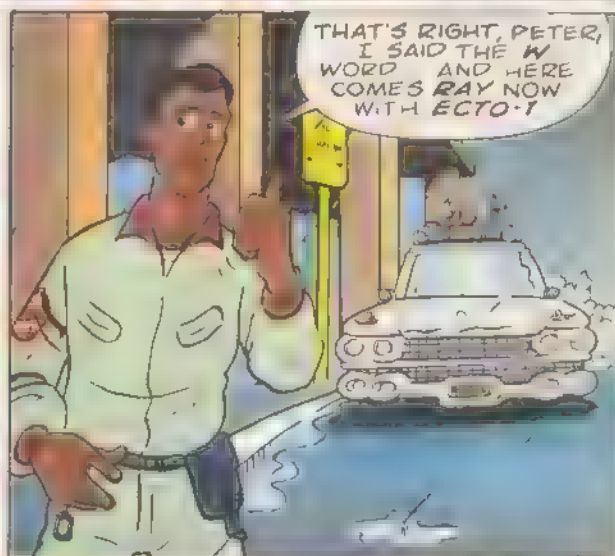
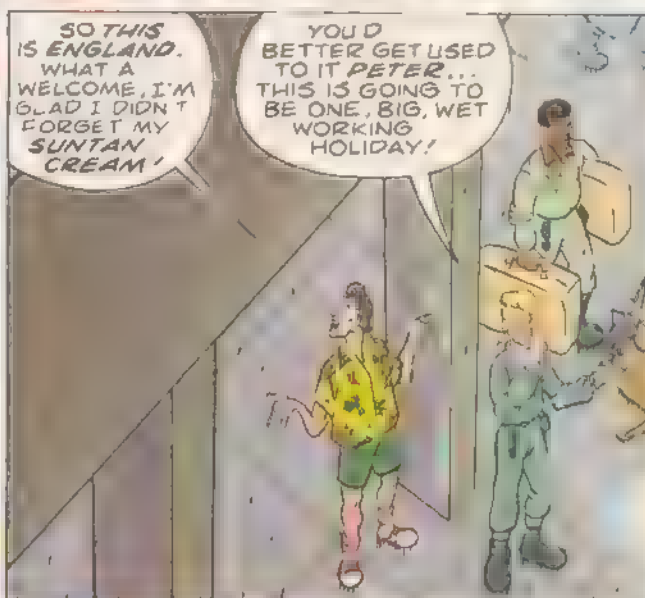
When in trouble, head for the little boy's room. That's exactly what our heroes did and it's there that they

discovered an inter-dimensional exit in the unlikely disguise of a toilet. The plan seemed so easy. Ray was contacted on a radio and dragged back through the loo by means of a rope. However, the spooky skeleton was real mad. He wanted his Ghostbuster back and he wanted him now. Apparently the lonely bag of bones had *no body* to play with and Ray had looked like the perfect pal. As for Ray, he felt he had more than enough mates already and the friendless fiend was zapped away.

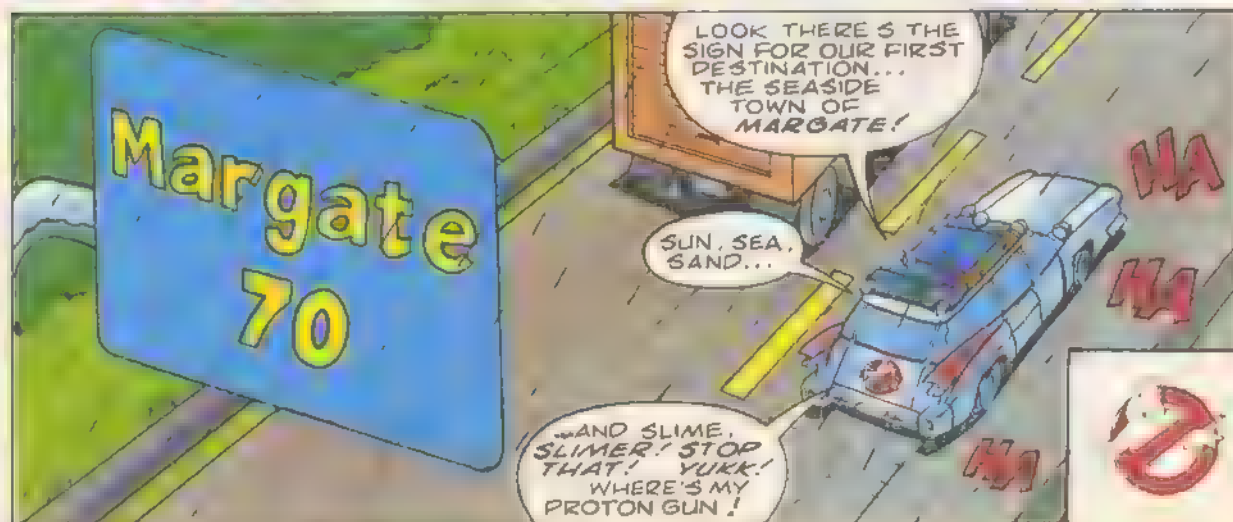
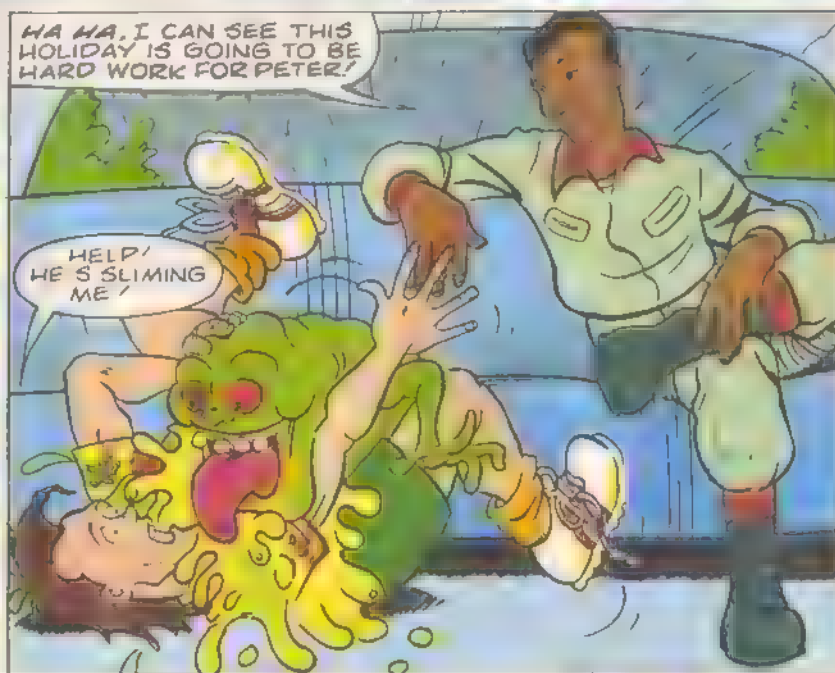
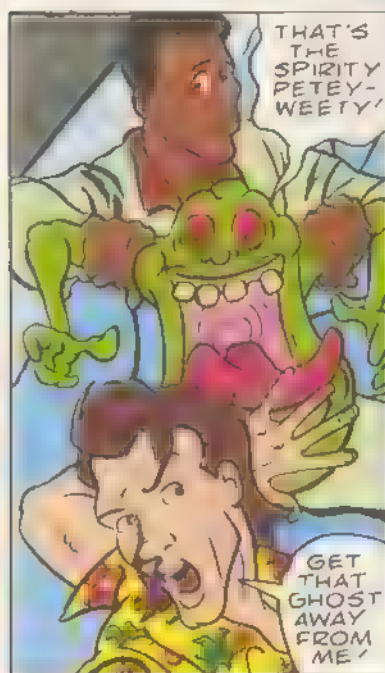
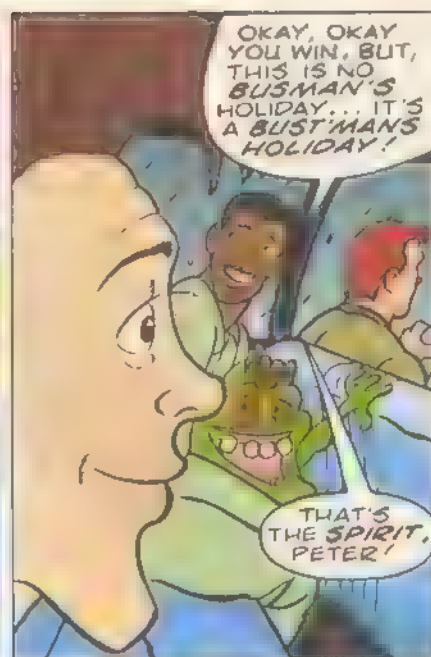


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



Story JOHN CARNELL ☉ Art ANTHONY LARCOMBE ☉ Lettering GLIB ☉ Colouring STEVE WHITE



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2

What do you call a skeleton with no brains?
A numbskull.
— Richard McDonnell, Portrush.

What's a vampire's favourite game?
Bat-minton.
— Stephen Lloyd, Notts.

What's a ghost's favourite television programme?
Horror-nation Street.
— Riccardo Visinho.

"The Drawing Lesson."
by Art Master.
— Simon Haywood.

When does a ghost work?
The fright shift.
— James McClure, Glasgow.

What do you get if you cross a pig with a zebra?
Striped sausages.
— Alastair McKellar, Bo'ness.

What is a ghostly sheep with no head and no legs?
A cloud.
— Peter Isaac.

What's a snake's favourite football team?
Sliverpool.
— Peter Isaac.



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NAME

ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN

.....

DEAD TRUE!



suburban house in Enfield, North London, was subject to the haunting of a poltergeist that plagued a family in the late 1970's. Although many scoffed at the disturbing reports, there were experts who believed that the house was indeed haunted.

First to experience the poltergeist's meddlings was the eldest daughter. Hearing strange shuffling noises coming from a bedroom, she was horrified to find the chest of drawers sliding away from the wall. This was to be the first of a terrifying string of events when all manner of objects would fly around the room projected by some menacing and troubled force. These ranged from an ordinary hair-brush to an iron gate which narrowly missed the young son as he lay sleeping. What's more, the eldest daughter herself only just escaped strangulation when a

curtain wrapped itself around her neck. The situation worsened when the presence began to influence the children's behaviour. The two eldest girls would sometimes speak in the crude language of old men and yet their mouths never opened.

Constantly nervous and consistently terrorized, it seemed that the only solution was to simply move house. However, the mother pointed out that, as a divorcee with four children to support, moving would be too expensive. Moreover, when they thought they had found peace on a caravanning holiday, the spirit had followed them.

Naturally such weird goings-on attracted a great deal of public attention. The police were not able to help despite the fact that one policewoman witnessed a chair hurtling through the air and an electronics company's plan

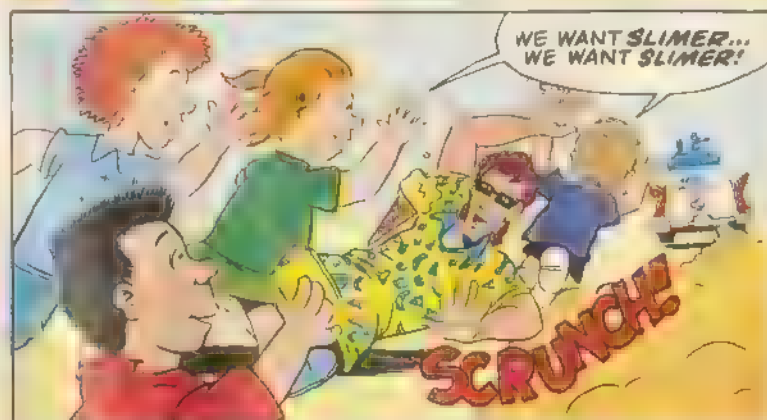
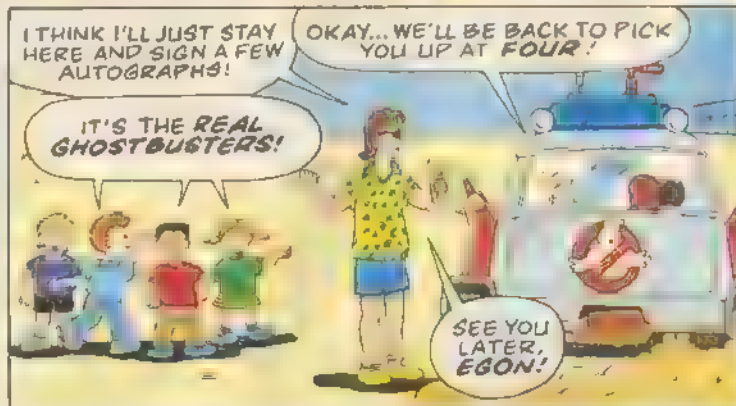
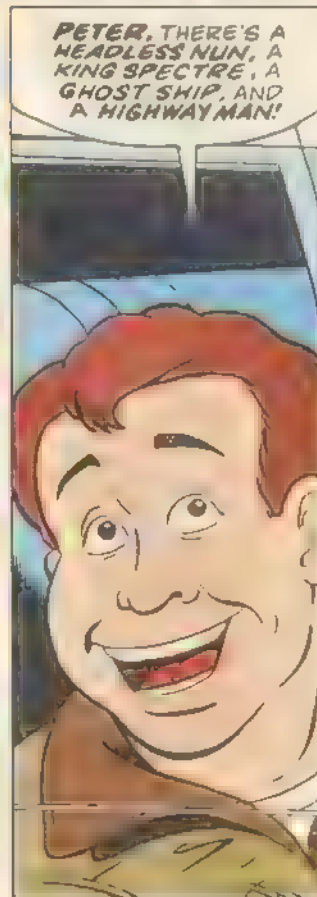
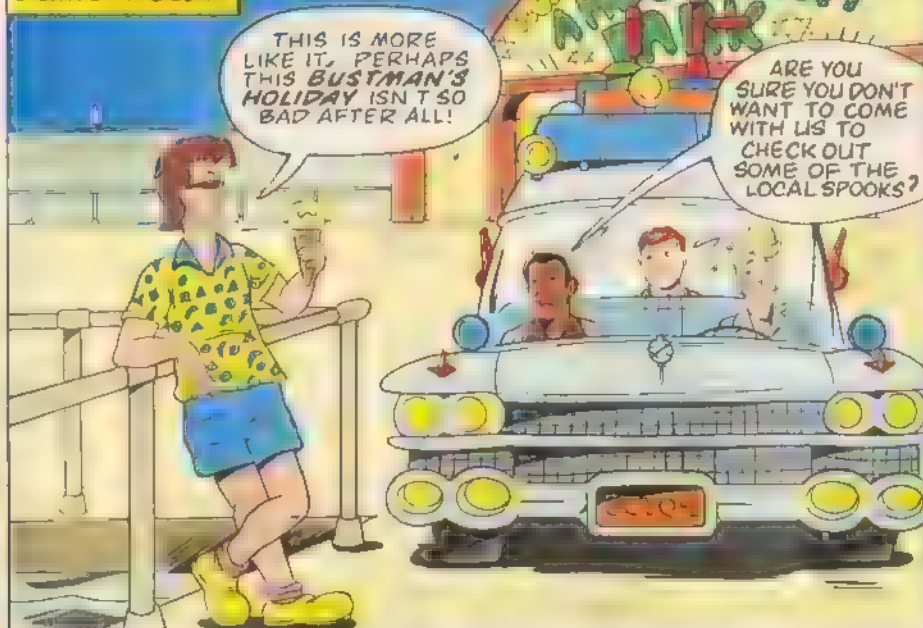
to video tape the hauntings was thwarted when their equipment failed to work inside the house. At last a psychical researcher was summoned, who managed to communicate with the spirit using a code. One knock for No and two knocks for Yes. They soon discovered that the spirit had inhabited the house for 53 years until his death. The younger sister was later able to elaborate when she described members of an unknown family and identified one of them as a Frank Watson, who had died downstairs. This was a major breakthrough and although the name did vary from time to time, what became clear was that the poltergeist was a 72 year old man who had come in search of his family and was distressed at not being able to find them. After three years of a living nightmare, the poltergeist disappeared, never to return again.

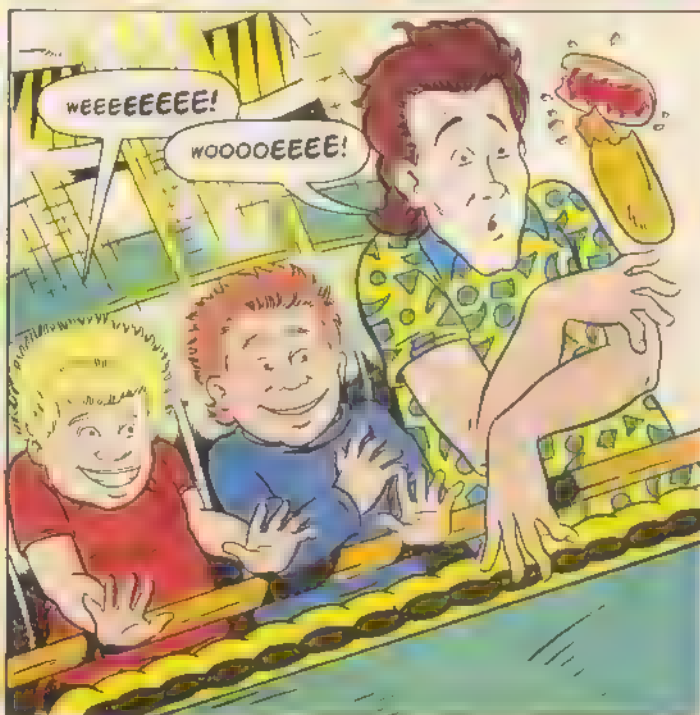
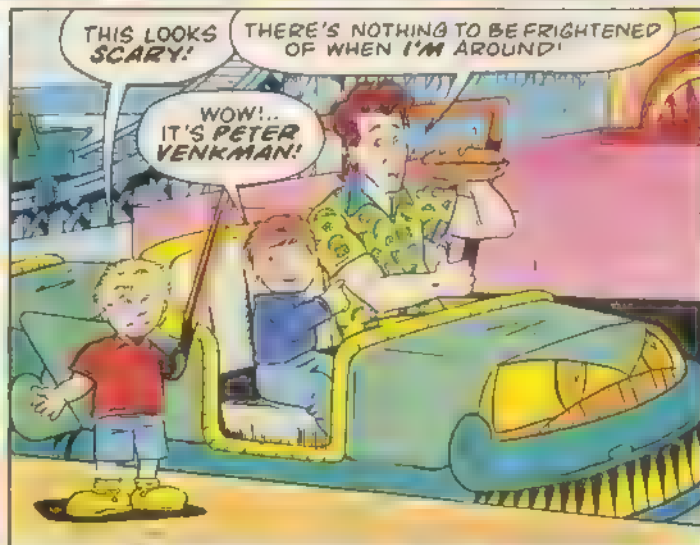
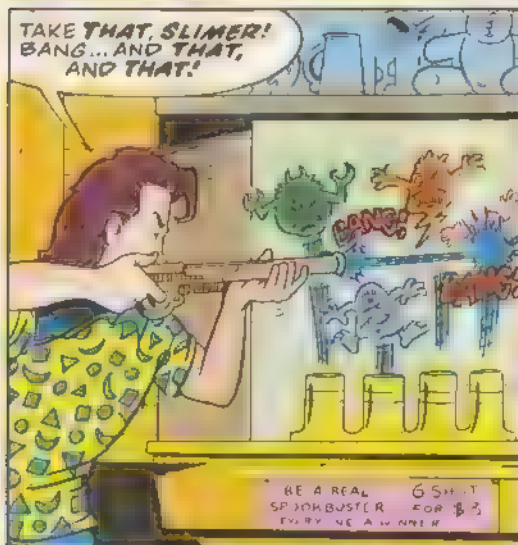
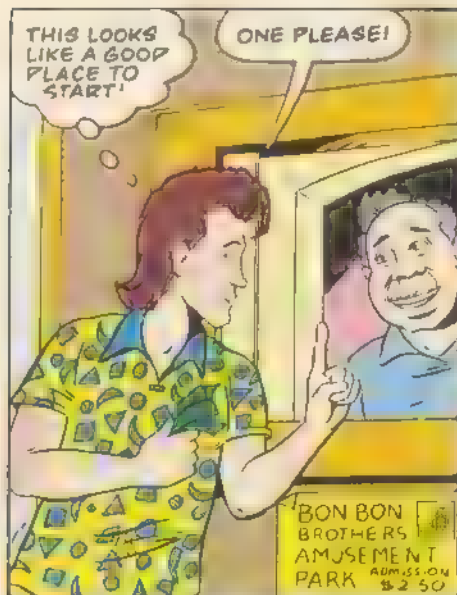


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

ROLLER GHOSTER!

DOWN BY THE SEA







NOTHING FRIGHTENS YOU, EH, GHOSTBUSTER? WE'LL SOON SEE ABOUT THAT!

OH NO! EGON, WHERE ARE YOU? THERE'S A SPOOK UP HERE!



THIS IS ONE TRIP YOU'LL NEVER FORGET... A ROLLERGHOSTER RIDE! HAH HA HA!

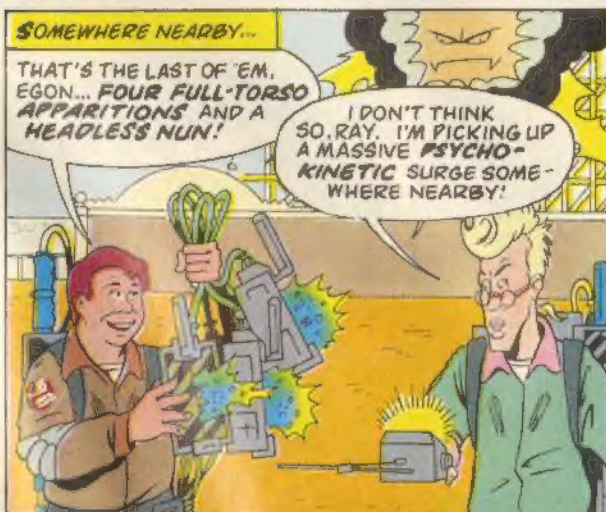
NOOOOO!



THIS SPOOK'S REALLY GONE OFF THE RAILS!

WOOOOO!

HA HA!



SOMEWHERE NEARBY...

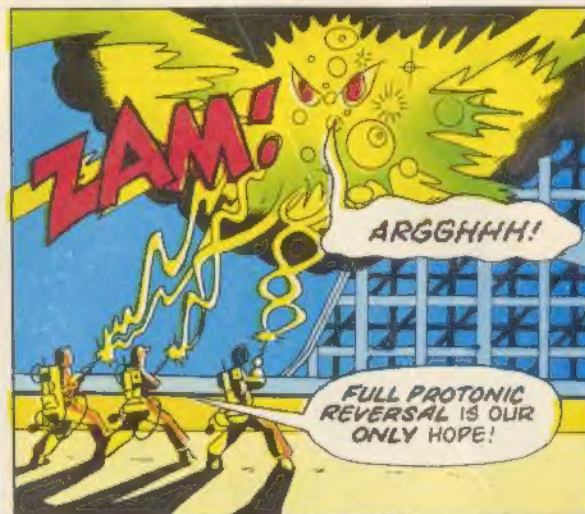
THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM, EGON... FOUR FULL-TORSO APPARITIONS AND A HEADLESS NUN!

I DON'T THINK SO, RAY. I'M PICKING UP A MASSIVE PSYCHO-KINETIC SURGE SOMEWHERE NEARBY!



LOOK... THE FAIRGROUND!

IT LOOKS LIKE SERIOUS TROUBLE, WINSTON!





SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

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